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# *The Pathfinder*

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FEBRUARY, 1907

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# The Pathfinder

A monthly magazine in little devoted  
to Art and Literature



GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*  
SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT }  
CURTIS HIDDEN PAGE } *Associate Editors*  
EDWIN WILEY }

IT is planned to be the meeting-place for those who care for the beautiful and permanent things in art and literature; where one may find, selected carefully from the writings of the master-minds of the past, their best thoughts and appreciations of these things; and where the man of to-day, whether scholar, poet, or artist, may give expression to his love for and abiding faith in those personalities, institutions, and things that reflect a serious purpose and lofty ideal.

The journal must needs be brief. It will contain a series of short essays, a connected run of pithy paragraphs, original poems, selections or translations from the great poets or prose writers, and other available matter of a similar character. In the course of the year special numbers will be given to those men and movements that merit such treatment.

It is our desire to gain in this simple undertaking the interest and support of all who may feel the need of such a publication, and who understand that we shall not be adding another to a list of "periodicals of individuality and protest" which is probably large enough already. May we not beg your cordial co-operation and secure your promise to subscribe and to influence as many of your friends as possible to do the same?

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# *The Pathfinder*

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## TO "APOLLO'S GUEST"

By ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE

Poet divine, how often in thy song  
We hear the cadence of some silvery note  
That softly falls as if 'twere from the throat  
Of woodland warbler singing all day long  
In summer time! — upon our senses throng  
Thought visitors from time and place remote,  
Fair dreams that over sunset waters float,  
Displaying hopes that make our being strong.

Whether it be steadfast Evangeline  
Or Pilgrim maiden doth inspire thy lays  
In every song such cadences will fall  
As blend the music of the birds with thine ;  
But of Earth's choir worshipping with praise  
Thou wast the sweetest singer of them all.

*LONGFELLOW—PAST AND PRESENT**By* CLYDE FURST

The prevailing tone of Longfellow's poetry is a harmony of temperament and cultivation. As a child, he both tumbled about in a library and listened to the sea; at college, he received the usual training and wrote unusual verses; as a young man, he enjoyed exceptional opportunities for travel and study, first in Latin, then in Teutonic Europe, and wrote lyrics which have ever since been dear to the general reader. As a college professor, he not only proved "unquestionably the first modern scholar of his time," but popularized the charm of continental literature and produced our only national idyls and epics. It is perhaps not remarkable that such a combination of qualities usually opposed should have been frequently misunderstood from the beginning, although it is one of the most frequent accompaniments of literary greatness. But detraction becomes the greater praise when we combine such complaints as Poe's that Longfellow was too literary, with such as Margaret Fuller's, that he was too personal. On the whole, however, no other of our writers has been so



generally acceptable to both critical judgement and popular taste.

Although the poet's creative work has naturally somewhat obscured his scholarly services, it should be remembered that these alone were enough to make him notable in the history of American thought. Teaching; text-books in French, Spanish and Italian; translations from a dozen languages; anthologies like *The Poets and Poetry of Europe* and *Poems of Places*; prose descriptions and studies of European life and letters,—the South in *Outre-Mer*, the North in *Drift-Wood*—through these he was the most important force in the New England Renaissance of culture, as Emerson was in its Reformation of belief. Of the three Smith professors at Harvard, Ticknor was the historian, Longfellow the expositor, and Lowell the valuer of the new learning. And in addition to making available a body of knowledge that overcame intellectual provincialism, Longfellow, through his essays in prose fiction, worked a quiet revolution in taste. For the strange national sentimentalism of the period, Longfellow substituted the romance of *Hyperion*, the blended sentiment and humor of *Kavanagh*. That such antidotes are not now necessary, that the remedies needed to be some-

what like the disease, does not detract from their contemporary usefulness; and there are critics who claim for them permanent worth.

The poet's earliest original volumes contained lyrics of nature, thought, feeling, aspiration and action; of sympathy, sacrifice, patience and peace, that are still familiar wherever English is read, and beyond,—“in appeal to the general human heart Longfellow has scarcely been excelled by any other modern poet.” The romance of childhood, the aspiration of youth, the labor and endurance of maturity, the retrospects and prospects of age, death as an end and a beginning,—all are expressed with such simplicity that some readers miss the art. That the message is elementally true is proved by the poet's bust in Westminster Abbey and the poems being read in the vernacular in China. Yet sincerity alone does not carry so far, and it should be remembered that not only was Whitman convinced of the truth but Lowell of the fineness of the utterance. It marked the first blend of the Puritan spirit with the humanities.

In a dozen later volumes of shorter pieces the artistic qualities of picturesqueness, rhythm, and grace grow more and more marked until they attain the perfection of *The Arrow and the Song*



and the elevation of *Morituri Salutamur*. New themes and methods, increasingly literary, appear constantly. The poet expressed in a group of anti-slavery lyrics his attitude on the contemporary political problem. European material is presented in descriptive-historical pieces like *The Belfry of Bruges* and *Nuremberg*. Lyric and narrative blend in our best ballads, whether of European subjects, like *The Skeleton in Armor*, or American, like *The Wreck of the Hesperus*,—one of the pieces that make their author rank with Whitman as our best sea poet. Here, in the manner of Schiller's *Song of the Bell*, are practically our only descriptive and lyric sequences—*The Building of the Ship*, *The Hanging of the Crane*, and *Keramos*. Mr. Stedman holds that the apostrophe to the ship of state in the first of these “outvies that ode of Horace on which it was modelled.” The sonnets, too, are easily our best; indeed the language has few better than the *Chaucer* and *Milton*, the *Dante* series, and the death-sonnet, *Victor and Vanquished*. *The Tales of a Wayside Inn* carry out their historic literary device of a group of storytellers far better than the similar attempts of Whittier, Holmes or Lowell; their narrative skill Stoddard compares favorably with that “of any

of the recognized masters of English narrative verse;" their description is, if anything, more compact and vivid than before; and their expression is increasingly notable in its combination of spontaneity and art.

*Evangeline* combines into a panorama most of the aspects of life that the poet had treated in his early lyrics. Its fame has equalled, if not surpassed, that of any of his other products. Its chief character, like Irving's Rip, has attained an existence wider than the world of books, something that may be said of few character creations. Similarly, Longfellow's Priscilla, John Alden, Miles Standish and Paul Revere, like Irving's Peter Stuyvesant, Cooper's Paul Jones and Whittier's Barbara Frietchie, have replaced their actual prototypes. The native yet new setting of *Evangeline* also groups Longfellow with Whitman as presenting the most varied aspects of our national scenery. In this respect all of our other poets are merely local. The elemental characters and the picturesque setting of the poem, the well-told and affecting story, and the idyllic tone, are all expressed through the poet's first notable achievement of the metrically impossible,—the writing of English hexameters, mastered by no other

poet, with a beauty that Lowell did not hesitate to call Theocritan. In the same metre, more detailed characterization, a more specific story, a narrower and more familiar setting and a leaning toward humor rather than sentiment, make *The Courtship of Miles Standish* a favorite with those who prefer to stay near the actual. Thus to please both idealists and realists is no mean breadth of achievement.

With *Hiawatha* Longfellow won international fame in a third field. Again the poet's native originality united with ripe knowledge of his art in seizing upon a manner new to America, a measure new to English, and material new to poetry as "the right and only right ones for his purpose." *Hiawatha* gives final form in poetry, as Cooper did in fiction, to one of our great national themes. The life and legends of the red man are grouped about the character and action of a typical epic hero, as he comes in contact with nature, man and the supernatural. The poem is real enough to have been adopted as a racial possession by an Indian tribe, ideal enough to be full of suggestions of the universal mysteries of human life and destiny. As our nearest approach to a national epic, Professor Richardson ranks it with *The Beowulf* and *The*



*Song of Roland.* Its selective originality, constructive imagination, descriptive power and fundamental human interest cannot be questioned. The simplicity and regularity, the epic repetitions and cumulations of the expression, perfectly suit the primitive and elemental character of the theme. The simple strength of the measure has been mastered by no other poet.

Concerning the poet's most ambitious work, the trilogy *The Christus*, posterity has echoed his own misgivings. It would, indeed, have required the genius of a Milton to carry out perfectly the plan of picturing the progress of Christianity through the ages. Concerning the paraphrase of the Gospels in *The Divine Tragedy* even the best judges differ,—to some it is “noble,” to others “barren.” *The Golden Legend*, a version of a famous mediæval story of personal sacrifice, is admirably executed, but scarcely large enough in theme for the plan. *The New England Tragedies*, of witchcraft, are powerful arraignments of the Puritan lack of the greatest Christian virtue, that of Love; yet happily they represent only a temporary phase of modern Christianity. Nor do the *Interludes* and the *Finale* perfectly fulfil their function. Indeed all of Longfellow's dramas, from *The Spanish*

*Student to Michael Angelo*, left in manuscript, are ambitious rather than successful. Yet, from the lyrics of the first to the elevated soliloquies of the last, they all contain many passages we would not willingly lose. As essays in the dramatic form they are all interesting, and as yet they have not been surpassed in America.

With the translation of Dante's *Divine Comedy*, however, Longfellow once more takes the highest place; and that, too, in spite of Bryant's *Homer*, Taylor's *Faust* and Leland's *Heine*. With a fidelity to the letter of the original tested by such Dante scholars as Lowell and Professor Norton, a saturation with its spirit, and an expression possible only to such a poet's mature taste and skill, it is not difficult to understand why the translation has been universally accepted as the best Dante in English verse.

Throughout his life, Longfellow's attitude was a consistent but developing one. Sentiment declined as knowledge grew, yet neither was ever without the other; life was seen more and more through literature, yet each was valued for the other. In his achievement, between popular lyrics on the one hand, and academic dramas on the other, he produced our best ballads, idyls and sonnets, and our only ap-

proaches to the epic. He was our best translator and expositor of European culture, and remains the favorite poet of the hearth at home. Where else do we have such range, where else one who led a backward literature through all the phases of poetic expression, until it was both contemporary and cosmopolitan? It is true that his originality was assimilative, as it needed to be for such a service, rather than creative; not his substance but his atmosphere was new, yet the latter was characteristic and distinctive enough to affect all subsequent American poetry.

Compared with our other masters—Bryant, the bard of “feelings of calm power and mighty sweep;” Poe, who could “sing so wildly well a mortal melody;” Emerson, conveyer of “sparks of the supersolar blaze;” Whittier, beating “duty’s rugged march;” Holmes, with “plain good sense, alive with tingling wit;” Lowell, that full “epic of a man;” Whitman, “a voice from the crowd”—compared with these, Longfellow shows something of both the characteristic idealism of Emerson and the realism of Whitman, much of the artistic intensity of Poe and the calm dignity of Bryant, and nearly all of the sincerity of Whittier and the cultivation of Lowell.



Can there then be question of his rank as our greatest national and our one approach to an international figure in poetry, as Cooper is in fiction and Emerson in thought? His fame is much wider than that of Irving, Poe or Hawthorne.

Measured by ideal standards Longfellow is, of course, neither supreme nor very great, but almost surely great. His natural gifts were notable, his study of his art comprehensive. His vision of nature and man was wide, clear and sympathetic. His most characteristic processes were perhaps those of selective taste and memory, rather than penetrative analysis or profound introspection. He combined genuine emotion and ripe knowledge into always clear and often large imaginative vision. His utterance is always full and free, and usually spontaneous: in images preferably from literature, yet unhackneyed; in language increasingly luminous and pleasing; in rhythms always musical and sometimes exquisite.

At the present day, the reader will find in his work a more than adequate record of the highest human satisfactions, if not suggestions of perfect beauty or ideal truth. There is much interesting and valuable knowledge, particularly of literature, not easily attainable elsewhere; a

constant exercise for sound emotion; and an always happy combination of form and substance. In fine, Longfellow still provides food for the mind, delight for the taste, and genuine, if quiet, cultivation for feeling and will—no valueless contribution to even such a generation as our own, but one, in the words of Holmes,

That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers.



### THE POETS

Reprinted from the Poems of LONGFELLOW \*

O ye dead Poets, who are living still  
 Immortal in your verse, though life be fled,  
 And ye, O living Poets, who are dead  
 Though ye are living, if neglect can kill,  
 Tell me if in the darkest hours of ill,  
 With drops of anguish falling fast and red  
 From the sharp crown of thorns upon your head,  
 Ye were not glad your errand to fulfill?  
 Yes; for the gift and ministry of Song  
 Have something in them so divinely sweet,  
 It can assuage the bitterness of wrong;  
 Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
 Not in the shouts and plaudits of the throng,  
 But in ourselves, are triumph and defeat.

[1876

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## TRUTH \*

By H. W. LONGFELLOW

(Printed in Boston Book, 1836)

Oh holy and eternal Truth! Thou art  
An emanation of the Eternal Mind!  
A glorious attribute—a noble part  
Of uncreated being! Who can find,  
By diligent searching—who can find out thee,  
The Incomprehensible—the Deity!

The human mind is a reflection caught  
From thee, a trembling shadow of thy ray.  
Thy glory beams around us, but the thought  
That heavenward wings its daring flight away,  
Returns to where its flight was first begun,  
Blinded and dark beneath the noon-day sun.

The soul of man, though sighing after thee,  
Hath never known thee, saving as it knows  
The stars of heaven, whose glorious light we see,  
The sun, whose radiance dazzles as it glows;  
Something, that is beyond us, and above  
The reach of human power, though not of human love.

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\* EDITOR'S NOTE:—*The Pathfinder* is indebted to the kindness of Mr. George T. Little, Librarian of Bowdoin College, for the opportunity to print the above unprinted extract from Longfellow's Phi Beta Kappa poem of 1832, entitled *Truth*. To Mr. Little's forthcoming *Longfellow Bibliography* the editor makes grateful acknowledgement for the following: "In September, 1832, Mr. Longfellow delivered a poem before the Bowdoin Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa, entitled *The Past and Present*. . . . This, 'refreshed with many new stanzas' was given before the Harvard Chapter in the following August." . . . The poem cited above is believed to be the "apostrophe to Truth," written December 11, 1832, and included in this Phi Beta Kappa poem.



Vainly Philosophy may strive to teach  
 The secret of thy being. Its faint ray  
 Misguides our steps. Beyond the utmost reach  
 Of its untiring wing, the eternal day  
 Of truth is shining on the longing eye,  
 Distant—unchanged—changeless—pure and high!

And yet thou hast not left thyself without  
 A revelation. All we feel and see  
 Within us and around, forbids to doubt,  
 Yet speaks so darkly and mysteriously  
 Of what we are and shall be evermore,  
 We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble and adore!



### POSSIBILITIES

Reprinted from the Poems of LONGFELLOW\*

Where are the Poets, unto whom belong  
 The Olympian heights; whose singing shafts were sent  
 Straight to the mark, and not from bows half bent,  
 But with the utmost tension of the thong?  
 Where are the stately argosies of song,  
 Whose rushing keels made music as they went  
 Sailing in search of some new continent,  
 With all sail set, and steady winds and strong?  
 Perhaps there lives some dreamy boy, untaught  
 In schools, some graduate of the field or street,  
 Who shall become a master of the art,  
 An admiral sailing the high seas of thought,  
 Fearless and first, and steering with his fleet  
 For lands not yet laid down in any chart.

[1882]

\* From "Poems of Longfellow;" copyrighted. By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers. This is the last but two, of Longfellow's poems.

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*LONGFELLOW AS STUDENT AND  
EDUCATOR*

*By* CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES

The centennial anniversary of this great man's birth should not pass without a few pages being devoted to his boyhood and early manhood in the educational light. Having been asked to contribute something to *THE PATHFINDER*, for the occasion of February 27th, I could think of nothing more fitting than this for a university magazine. The extracts are taken from letters issued many years ago in a memorial number of the *Bowdoin Orient*.

To begin with the poet's early years,—he seems, as a mere lad, to have given the observer a sense of something remarkable in his looks and bearing. The late Elijah Kellogg thus pictured him, while in Portland Academy, preparing for college: "He was a very handsome boy; retiring, without being reserved, there was no chill in his manners. There was a frankness about him, that won on you at once; he looked you square in the face. His eyes were full of expression, and it seemed as though you could look down into them as into a clear spring.

There were many rough boys in the school, many rough-and-tumble games at recess, and the boys who were not inclined to engage in them often excited the ill-will of their ruder mates, who were prone to imagine that the former felt above them; and, they sometimes fell victims to this feeling and were dragged out and rudely treated. But no one ever thought of taking such liberties with Longfellow, nor did any such suspicions ever attach to him."

Though admission to college in 1821 meant less in some regards than it does to-day, there is no doubt that young Longfellow could have well met a severer test than his examination furnished. At fourteen, entering Bowdoin, he graduated there at eighteen, after a course honorable alike to his scholarship and character. A fellow-student wrote of him: "He was a universal favorite in college, from his bright, handsome face, frank and amiable disposition, and his invariably gentlemanly manners. He mingled as easily with the professors as with his fellow-collegians." . . . Longfellow, it seems, inspired in college, the same signal feeling, which, in the preparatory school, kept him from a hostile attitude on the part of those who were not like-minded; for the same classmate tells us: "He



—

was remarkably free from any habits or tendencies which would have prevented him from attaining high rank as a scholar—apparently his great aim from the beginning—but such was the charm of his courtesy and his tone of good-fellowship, that he excited no antagonism nor envy amongst those of us, who valued our time and advantages less than he did his.” Another classmate says of the young poet—for he was already that—“He was an admirable specimen of what a college student should be—a model student, always prepared for the recitation-room, always respectful to authority, always a gentleman in his deportment.”

An interesting feature of the poet's collegiate life was his friendship with Hawthorne. The latter's son, referring to the tributary poem written after his father's death by his friend Longfellow, says: “It is not only one of the most beautiful of his minor productions, but one of the truest and tenderest tributes ever paid to Hawthorne's genius and personality. The literary history of no other country can offer a more engaging instance of sincere and hearty affection of two great writers for each other; and happy is Bowdoin among *Alma Maters* in having nursed the beginnings of such a friendship.”

Soon after graduation, being offered the professorship of modern languages in his own college, Longfellow, in order to fit himself thoroughly for his work, went abroad, spending three and a half years in France, Italy, Spain and Germany, returning in 1829 to begin the duties of his office.

The true teacher, like the true poet, is born, not made. The chief qualities marking the *student* of high rank—patience, industry, enthusiasm, persistency of aim—combine also to mark the *teacher* of signal excellence; and Professor Longfellow's career as instructor was but the natural sequel to his collegiate course. Cyrus Hamlin thus wrote of the young professor: "When I entered Bowdoin in 1830, Longfellow was its rising star. He was regarded as an accomplished linguist, an admirable teacher, and a young poet of rare promise. His personal appearance and bearing were very attractive. His dress was perfect, his complexion fresh and full of health, his step elastic. There were ease, grace and dignity in his carriage among the students."

It seems that at the time in question the superintendence of the library was a part of the duty of the young professor, for it is said:

—  
“Nothing escaped his attention. The assistant librarians were kept up to the mark, and no irregularity of any kind was allowed. He attended so readily to any question about book or subject, and then resumed his reading and always seemed so absorbed and yet so attentive that he appeared to have two personalities.”

As a teacher of French, young Longfellow was said to be unrivaled ; and, for the added benefit of his students, he arranged a grammar in that language ; also teaching Italian by means of a French text-book. I do not recall seeing either of these in the poet's library, but very likely one has been given by Bowdoin to the Memorial House at Portland.

The late Dr. Bartol, of Boston, wrote thus of Professor Longfellow : “In all his relations with the students, he made everybody a gentleman by being one himself. He seemed to me to be a missionary of courtesy, whose politeness no insult could ruffle or flaw. Some naughty fellow one night tied a goose to his door. He came to me to inquire if I knew the offender ; but his flushing face made on me the impression, not so much of a burning wrath, as of a high-born and mournful regret. So cleanly, too, were his speech and bearing that I felt him as one not to

be approached by aught shameful or low, and no lesson from him in Spanish or French, to my mind, surpassed this of deportment."

From another pen, we quote this: "Scrupulously neat and finished in his personal appearance, graceful and polished in his movements and manners, he was never stiff nor stilted, but perfectly simple and easy in all his ways. Invariably accessible and affable, he made the ugliest and most awkward of the newly-arrived students feel perfectly at home in his presence. His society was not only full of pleasure, but of instruction and elevation. His daily converse with the Muses betrayed itself without affectation in his daily intercourse with his pupils. He seemed to have the Graces always at his side. In thought he was rich, in learning, full. In conversation, bright and sparkling, he could be pointed and pithy, when he would." Yes, and a false idea has prevailed sometimes, because of our subject's high moral excellence. He was keenly alive to the humorous side of life; his conversation showed this, and also many flashes of wit, satire and humor in his writings.

In 1835, on the resignation of Professor Ticknor, Professor Longfellow was called to take his place at Harvard,—the chair of Modern Lan-



guages and Belles-Lettres. This post he nobly filled till his resignation in 1854. Before beginning his duties, however, he spent more than a year in Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Switzerland.

Professor Longfellow spent nearly eighteen years of his fruitful, precious life at Harvard. During this period of his professorship, with its onerous cares and duties, the author's pen was marvelously and valuably prolific. He published *ten* books of his creative work; among them, his large master-pieces, *Hyperion*, *Evangeline*, *The Golden Legend* and *The Spanish Student*. Besides this original work, he compiled the important collection, *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*.

Though in 1833 Professor Longfellow published *Coplas de Manrique*, a translation from the Spanish; and, in 1839, his first book of original poetry, *Voices of the Night*; it was in 1835, that his very first original work appeared, *Outre-Mer*, a collection of travel-sketches and essays. This was the year of the author's resignation at Bowdoin, and it was there, fifty years from his graduation, that occurred one of the signal events of his life,—the delivery of his remarkable poem, *Morituri Salutamus*. Mr. Arlo

—

Bates wrote: "No one who was present is likely ever to forget the intense silence, the feeling of suspense—which is only experienced in a crowd all keenly intent upon one interest—the dignified and beautiful figure of the poet, the noble head with its abundant snowy hair; and, amid the breathless stillness, the gracious, silvery voice:

O Cæsar! we who are about to die,  
Salute you.

"There have come into my life," Mr. Bates added, "few more impressive moments, and few where a large assembly has been so completely subdued and held by the character and presence of a man. Without having spoken yet a word, the poet had mastered his audience; and the line I have quoted fell upon ears already enthralled."

The *Morituri Salutamus*, while affirming that "*old age is still old age*," advances to the happy outlook:

For Age is opportunity no less  
Than Youth itself, though in another dress.

Ah! and with the poet, who was to bless the world yet seven years with his visible presence, how wisely was the *opportunity* used! With what unabated interest and activity did he work on,

rounding out his life into that symmetry which needed nothing for completeness! Surely, whether as poet or educator—and as the *first*, he was also the *second*—one feels these lines of his, shinningly true of himself:

Alike are life and death,  
When life in death survives,  
And the uninterrupted breath  
Inspires a thousand lives.



### OLD-PARISH CHURCH \*

(Written on hearing that the aged building was soon to be removed  
for the erection of a new one.)

By H. W. LONGFELLOW

Our Fathers' temple!—o'er thy form  
In peace time's holy twilight falls:—  
Yet heavenly light glows pure and warm  
Around thy venerable walls:—  
The shades of years have mellowed long  
But not obscur'd that light of God;—  
Though they, that plac'd thee here, shall throng  
No more the courts where once they trod.

---

\* EDITOR'S NOTE:—This early poem of Longfellow's appeared in the *Portland Advertiser*, September 25, 1824, and has never been reprinted. It is communicated to us through the kindness of Mr. George T. Little, Librarian of Bowdoin College, who discovered it in preparing his bibliography of Longfellow, soon to be published. The poem is unquestionably Longfellow's, although he never acknowledged it. It is alluded to in a letter to Longfellow from his mother, printed in Samuel Longfellow's *Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*, Vol. I, p. 48.

Alas!—O'er thee Old Time hath cast  
The mournful mantle of decay:—  
His feet have o'er thy threshold past,—  
His hand hath pluck'd thy strength away!—  
Nor think we, as we gaze on thee,  
How soon the hand, that seals thy doom,  
Shall waste our own vitality,  
And hide our ashes in the tomb!

Pointing to Heaven,—our resting place,—  
Thy spire its ancient form uprears,  
And still upon thy walls we trace  
The gray and gathering moss of years!—  
Still from thy tower the deep-ton'd bell  
Time's silent lapse proclaims on high,—  
Still breathes its long and last farewell  
To perishing mortality.

Now as at eve, with silent feet,  
Thy consecrated aisles I tread,  
Those that surround the mercy-seat  
Seem here unto thine altars led.  
I see the venerable band,—  
The patriarchs of our infant Church,—  
I see the weak and trembling hand  
Again the heavenly volume search!

And as the eye, grown dim in time,  
With awe reviews the inspir'd page,  
I hear the voice of truth sublime  
Break quivering from the lips of age!  
Kneeling around thine altars old  
These holy men have join'd in prayer;  
That Israel's God would keep his fold,  
And bless the shepherd of his care.



And hark! to Heaven the tuneful song  
In soft and mellow musick steals:—  
And now the anthem swells, and long  
The solemn-breathing organ peals!—  
My soul to earth resigns its fears,  
Flush'd with the glowing dreams of Heaven:  
It sees thy sainted Sires,—and hears  
The song of peace and sins forgiven.

Ye holy men of God belov'd,  
Who bow forever at His throne,  
Ye in whose breasts His spirit mov'd,  
Whose thoughts and lives were all His own,—  
Within this temple, when below,  
The precepts of His love ye gave,—  
And shall His temple perish now,  
Without one hand outstretch'd to save?

Thou hoary monarch, Time! awhile  
From ruin spare this holy place!  
Shall Peace desert the hallow'd aisle,—  
And Mercy's cherub veil her face?  
Still may our Fathers' Temple shine  
The record of departed years!—  
Still may we worship at its shrine,—  
Still bathe its altars with our tears.

*LONGFELLOW AT BOWDOIN**By ISAAC BASSETT CHOATE*

The relations between the poet Longfellow and Bowdoin College were much closer than are those commonly existing between the collegian and his *Alma Mater*. Particularly fortunate were the circumstances of the youth as compared with those of his fellows who came from the farms, the mills, and the lumber-camps of Maine. His father, the Honorable Stephen Longfellow (A.B., Harvard, 1798) was a member of the governing boards of the College from 1811 to 1836. This period of service included all the years of the poet's preparation for the work of his literary life, for in 1811 the child became of school age according to the laws of Massachusetts, and in 1835 the poet went to Harvard as professor of modern languages. His older brother, Stephen Longfellow, junior, was a fellow member of the class of 1825. A younger brother, Alexander Wadsworth Longfellow, was given an honorary degree by the College; but this mark of kindly regard for the name came a few years after the poet's death. The four years intervening between the gradu-

ation of Longfellow and the beginning of his work as an instructor were practically his upon leave of absence, for he had received his appointment to the professorship before he went abroad.

During the six years' time while Longfellow occupied the chair of modern languages at Bowdoin, he was also librarian of the college library. His work in this position is no doubt that for which the world has the better reason to be thankful. The place was practically a sinecure. He left the work largely to his assistants, and devoted himself to making the acquaintance of the books themselves. This circumstance gives added interest to one of the choicest collections of rare old books in America. The College received from its patron, as its richest endowment, his gallery of paintings and his library. These collections of art and of letters were made by James Bowdoin during his residence, as the representative of our Government at the court of Madrid and in Paris from 1805 to 1808. The time was favorable for the securing of such objects of taste. It was just after the French Revolution and the earlier campaigns of the First Consul. Public and private collections had been scattered and

thrown upon a market that was wholly demoralized. From these treasures Mr. Bowdoin selected with admirable taste and wise forethought.

In connection with this topic the declaration made by Mr. Longfellow himself to the secretary of the Bowdoin Alumni Association of Boston only three or four years before his death, that it was to Bowdoin College that he owed all the preparation he ever had for literary work, and that it was in this college library that he stored his mind with that fund of material upon which he had drawn in all his subsequent career, gives to the place, the time and the books themselves unusual interest.

A mere glance at the shelves of the library will show one the solid character of the volumes stored upon them. They are what would now be classed as old books. It is doubtful if there is another collection of equal size in this country that will show so large a proportion of its volumes published before the last century. There are the tall folio editions of the classics printed in sumptuous style at Basle about 1550, the small folios printed at Paris a few years earlier, and the quarto editions of Amsterdam, published about 1700. The library also contains



the more recent classics in the modern languages that were familiar to the poet. In Italian there are to be met Dante, Tasso, Petrarch, Ariosto and Alfieri. In French are to be found Voltaire, Fontenelle, Rousseau and Molière. In German one meets with Göthe, Lessing, Gellert and Wieland. In Portuguese and Spanish are found many names less familiar now than they were to English readers a hundred years ago; as, for example, the names of Camoens, Quintana and Vega.

The English department of the library is rich in suggestions of themes which the poet has handled with his rare skill. One comes across there quaint Arthur Goldinge, of London, a sixteenth century poet, whose name will recall,—

*The Commentaries of Cæsar out of the Latin translated by Arthur Goldinge of London.*

There, too, are the ponderous tomes of the Domesday-Book to remind us of the Norman Baron,—

And the lands his sires had plundered,  
Written in the Domesday-Book.

—  
The story of Master Lamberton and of the phantom ship may still be read there as no doubt it was read by the young poet,—

In Mather's *Magnalia Christi*  
Of the old colonial time.

And then again from a ten-volume edition, printed at various times from 1616 to 1636, we have the familiar admonition,—

Saint Augustine! well hast thou said  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame.

And so on from alcove to alcove these old books, though silent, are yet eloquent of him who was for years their patient, thoughtful reader as well as their careful, sympathetic custodian.

*DAYLIGHT AND MOONLIGHT*

Reprinted from the Poems of LONGFELLOW \*

In broad daylight, and at noon,  
Yesterday I saw the moon  
Sailing high, but faint and white,  
As a schoolboy's paper kite.

In broad daylight, yesterday,  
I read a Poet's mystic lay;  
And it seemed to me at most  
As a phantom, or a ghost.

But at length the feverish day  
Like a passion died away,  
And the night, serene and still,  
Fell on village, vale, and hill.

Then the moon, in all her pride,  
Like a spirit glorified,  
Filled and overflowed the night  
With revelations of her light.

And the Poet's song again  
Passed like music through my brain;  
Night interpreted to me  
All its grace and mystery.

[1852

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*LONGFELLOW'S TRANSLATIONS  
FROM THE SCANDINAVIAN*

*By* DANIEL KILHAM DODGE

Longfellow's aim as a translator is best expressed in his own words, occurring in a letter from 1867: "A translator, like a witness on the stand, should hold up his right hand and swear to 'tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.'" And splendidly did the poet reach his aim, for he combined with this realization of the limits of the translator's art a remarkable grasp of the languages with which he dealt.

Bearing in mind Longfellow's deep interest in Northern literature and his long residence in Sweden, we are surprised at the comparatively small number of Scandinavian poems rendered into English. Apparently his knowledge of the languages was confined to the modern tongues, for the only representative of the older literature is the *Saga of King Olaf*, one of the *Musician's Tales*, which is really a paraphrase of Laing's translation of the *Heimskringla*. Like Ibsen, Longfellow obtained his Old Norse inspiration at second-hand. Both poets, however, were for-



fortunate in having renderings of marked literary value and both succeeded in bettering their instructions. Most critics will probably agree that nowhere else does our poet strike a truer, finer note than in some of the fitts of his saga.

Longfellow's first real impressions of Northern art and life were received in Sweden, on the journey to Stockholm in June of the year 1835. The greater part of that summer was spent in the Swedish capital, where he met a number of the leading literary men and studied the language. In view of the fact that Longfellow's only translations from the Swedish are from Tegnér, his earliest reference to this poet is significant: "Sweden has one great poet, and only one. That is Tegnér, Bishop of Wexio, who is still living. His noblest work is *Frithiof's Saga*." It would be hard to find two men more unlike than these two. What attracted the young American poet to Tegnér was the latter's wonderful mastery of verse and his richness and copiousness of expression. In Longfellow's rendering of Tegnér's *Children of the Lord's Supper* there is a curious anticipation of the manner and the setting of the first part of *Evangeline*, which I do not recall ever having seen noted. In this exquisite idyl the poets

meet on common ground. The translations of the four extracts from the *Frithiof's Saga* have so often been praised that they call for no further comment. We can only regret that the author's hope that the whole poem might be treated by the same hand, so that he might be able to say that it was well translated into at least one language, was never realized.

Longfellow's translations from the Danish have all the appearance of haphazard choice that is known in connection with the *King Christian*, to which he was attracted in a Copenhagen café. The two ballads, *The Elected Knight* and *The Mother's Ghost*, represent common Northern thought. The *King Christian* was apparently not associated in the translator's mind with its author, Evald, and Baggesen's exquisite lyric, *Childhood*, is the only representative of that poet. It seems strange, too, that no attempt was made to translate any of the poems of Baggesen's great rival Oehlenschläger. One might expect that *The Gods of the North* would have appealed far more to Longfellow than Tegnér's epic, just as the personality of the Danish poet is in many respects suggestive of the ideal New England type. That Longfellow recognized Oehlenschläger's claims to attention is shown clearly

by the many extracts from his works included in *Poets and Poetry of Europe* as well as by the appreciative account of the poet in the Introduction.

It is with the three Scandinavian countries very much as with different sisters in a family. Each sister is apt to have her own particular friends, who see qualities in her that place her above the others in those friends' estimation. Longfellow's favorite sister was Sweden, the one with whom he first became acquainted, and he cannot help showing his preference for her. He did not remain long enough in Denmark to absorb the Danish spirit as he had absorbed the Swedish. In a letter he expresses his marked preference for the Swedish language, which he finds more musical than the Danish. This prejudice must account in part for the comparative failure of the translation of Baggesen's poem. If we can use the adjective in connection with Longfellow, the translation is wooden; all the charm is lost. However the two languages may compare, and most Danes even would probably endorse Longfellow's judgment, no one having a reading knowledge of both would deny that the Danish lyric has a sweetness and depth for which we seek in

vain in Tegnér. Tegnér draws his feeling from his characters, Baggesen finds it in himself. It is just the kind of poem that Longfellow might have written himself in his best mood. Had his knowledge of Danish equalled that of the sister tongue he might have added another perfect translation to his collection. As it is, I am inclined to regard it as a comparative failure. It must be granted, however, that the rhetorical style of Tegnér lends itself far better to translation than the lyrical simplicity and "inwardness" of Baggesen, as shown in this retrospective poem. The failure must be attributed in part to the difficulty of the subject.

On a visit to the Tegnér house in Lund twenty years ago I was impressed by the many memories of Longfellow that are to be found there. Longfellow's love of Sweden and his admiration of Sweden's greatest poet are remembered with pride and gratitude, and nowhere else in Europe does this interpreter of European poetry hold a higher place in the regard of the people than in this land of the North.

## About Our Contributors

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*Daniel Kilham Dodge*: vide THE PATHFINDER, Vol. I, No. 5.

*Isaac Bassett Choate*, teacher, author and journalist, is a graduate of Bowdoin College and resides in Boston. Among his published books are *With Birds and Flowers* and *Obeys, the Camel-Driver*.

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*Charlotte Fiske Bates* (Mme. Rogé), author and educator, has published a volume of poems and numerous contributions to the magazines, and in addition thereto, collaborated with Longfellow in the compilation of *Poems of Places*, and edited in 1881, *The Longfellow Birthday Book*. She is the widow of Adolphe Rogé and resides in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

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## Recent Publications

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JOHN BENNETT.—*The Treasure of Peyre Gaillard*. A delightful romance of mystery and love. New York: The Century Company. 1906.

ANNA BENNESON MCMAHAN.—*With Byron in Italy*. Contains a selection of Lord Byron's poems and letters that have to do with his life in Italy from 1816 to 1823, and over sixty illustrations from photographs. A valuable handbook in the study of Byron and for travel in Italy. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906.

ANNE HOLLINGSWORTH WHARTON.—*Italian Days and Ways*. With illustrations. A series of letters that treat in a delightfully personal way of the major and minor places in Italy visited by the author. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.

GEORGE ROE.—*Rubá'iyat of Omar Khayyám*. A new metrical version, beautifully printed; with explanatory footnotes and marginal references to the various manuscripts, texts and translations. The Introduction and an original *Ode to Omar* make this edition indispensable to the student and lover of the Persian poet. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906.

GEORGE P. UPTON.—*The Standard Operas*. A new edition, revised and enlarged, of this popular handbook on the plots, music and composers of the modern operas. It is profusely illustrated with photographs of the principal singers in their favorite roles. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1906.

FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.—*Honoré de Balzac*. This is the second volume in the "French Men of Letters" series. Forthcoming biographies are Professor Tilly's *Rabelais* and Professor Trent's *George Sand*. In Brunetière's luminous and incisive style the present volume reveals to us the sources, background and meaning of the great *Human Comedy*; points out the latter's art, social and ethical value; and suggests the place of Balzac in literature. The book contains a portrait of Balzac, an Index and a Bibliography. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1906.

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*Sewanee, Tennessee*

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— LONGFELLOW'S *Hyperion*